

Missiskoui



Standard.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

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P O E T R Y.

THE MYRTLE.

BY T. HAYNES DAYLEY.
Though no word may be spoken
My farewell to tell,
When I send thee a token,
Decipher it well;
In my desolate hours
My solace shall be,
In the language of flowers
To whisper to thee.

He spoke—and we parted;
I said not a word;
For half broken hearted,
His farewell I heard;
And when I was lonely,
Sweet tokens he sent,
For me and me only,
To trace their intent.

I watched for their coming—
They came—but they brought
Though fragrant and blooming,
No tidings I sought!
All told me of sorrow,
Of absence, of pain!
None whispered, 'To-morrow,
We meet, Love, again.'

No flower hath spoken
Of hope until now!
How welcome this token,
The green Myrtle bough!
No gift could be better;
Unless he would write,
Three words in a letter,
Expect me to-night.'

AGRICULTURAL.



TILLAGE HUSBANDRY.

BARLEY.

Summer barley is the only species cultivated in the United States. Of this there are several varieties, of which the 'chevalier,' and still more the 'Annat,' are found superior in Scotland. The naked barley is but partially cultivated here though it is extensively grown and highly esteemed on the continent of Europe. It unites very commendable qualities, being hardy in its growth, strong in the stem, tillering with great vigor, and producing abundant crops of very superior grain. It is also well adapted to the making of pearl barley, a process which is now gone into to some extent among us, particularly in Vermont. The quality of the straw is better than that of any other kind; it requires, however, to be sown earlier than any other sort, and only succeeds if grown in a rich and well-tilled soil. Von Thaer considers it equal both in weight and quality to rye; and its nutritive properties have been found, on analysis, to be even superior.

Soils.—Barley requires a rich, friable and mellow soil. The best, according to Von Thaer's scale, contains 20 per cent of clay, 67 of sand, 3 of lime and 10 of humus; good barley land 38 clay 60 of sand, and 2 of humus; and ordinary from 48 to 68 of clay, and from 30 to 50 of sand, and 2 of humus, or vegetable mould. In lands more sandy than above indicated, the crop is liable to suffer from drought.

Cultivation.—Turnips or potatoes, or even Indian corn, are a good preparation for the barley crop, as it requires a well-worked clean soil. In Essex, England, it is sown upon a fallow, which receives the seed furrow in the spring. The seed should always be sown upon a fresh-stirred soil.

Seed and sowing.—It is recommended to steep the seed twenty four hours in soft water, that the grain may all germinate at the same time, and ripen equally. This is deemed more important when the sowing is late. Light soils may be sown earlier than those which are heavy. Early sowing is generally recommended; and, in fact, the finest samples of every kind of grain are thus usually produced. We do not specify any particular time nor quantity of seed, because the time will depend on season and climate, and the proper quantity of seed upon these and other contingencies. It is usual to sow much less seed of all kinds in the United States than

in Great Britain. Our soils are generally inferior in artificial fertility, while from the warmer temperature, in summer, of our climate, the grain tillers better here than there. It is well to sow barley at least some ten or fourteen days before we plant Indian corn. When clover and grass seeds are to be sown upon barley, it is considered best to let the barley plants first grow above the ground, and then harrow in the grass seeds with a very light wooden toothed harrow, and follow with the roller.

OATS,

Are a northern grain, particularly adapted to high latitudes and elevated or cold locations. In these they make a better return, and the grain is heavier, than in warmer climates, and in more genial soils. Oat soils are identical with rye soils, neither requiring carbonate of lime or much clay...though in regard to moisture, the rye wants a drier soil than the oat. Oats are grown upon almost all kinds of soil, and, like every other crop, will repay care and labor. This grain is indigenous to the north. There are many varieties of this grain, of which may be named the common, the Poland, the Dutch, the potato, the Hopetown, the Tartarian, &c. The common kind is the most generally grown, and is the most certain in its product upon poor expended soils. The Poland and Dutch Oats have severally had their day in Scotland, and both somewhat circumscribed by the Potato oat, and these again by the Hopetown and other new varieties. The skinless oats are highly commended in Ireland. In this country they have not been sufficiently tried to judge of their relative profits.

Soil and Culture.—Oats, like rye, are seldom sown upon land which will make a good return in a more valuable crop; and yet in many districts they form the most certain and profitable crop. They do well upon land broken up from rough pasture, as they flourish before the sod is decomposed, or the soil is brought into a fit state for finer crops; and are hence often advantageously grown upon a grass ley to precede wheat, in which case long manure may be applied to the oats with great advantage. This is almost the only case in which two crops of small grain may be made to succeed each other with advantage. The practice of seeding down with oats is objected to, on account of the oats shading the ground so much, and being apt to smother the young clover. The Poland and potato varieties require rich ground; and the Tartarian, the black and the red, are best adapted to mountainous districts and late climates. It is thought advantageous to procure seed from inferior ground. Early sown oats are found almost invariably to produce the largest quantity of grain, late sown of straw. They require more moisture in the ground than any other kind of corn; and it is important to have the grain formed before the commencement of the parching droughts of summer. The average produce upon medium soils throughout Great Britain, is estimated at thirty-two bushels per acre, of the average weight of forty-two pounds the bushel.

In the malting process, the oats, after being previously dried on a kiln, are made to pass through the mill stones, to divest them of their coarser husks before being ground. The kernels are then named 'grits' or 'groats,' and are next ground over again into a coarse rough meal varying in fineness according to the custom of different districts. This is afterwards baked upon heated iron into thin flat cakes, or made up with water, usually boiled into a thick consistency, and is eaten either with skimmed milk, butter, molasses or ale. It is thus very generally used as the common breakfast and supper of the greater portion of the peasantry of the northern parts of England, Scotland and Ireland, and forms a very nutritive and healthy food.'

The indications of ripeness, in all sorts of grain are few and simple. When the straw exhibits a bright golden colour from the bottom of the stem nearly to the ear; or, when the ear begins to bend gently, the corn may be cut. But—as the whole crop will not be equally ripe at the same time—if, on walking through the field, and selecting the greenest heads, the kernels can be separated from the chaff when rubbed through the hands, it is a sure sign that the grain is then out of the milky state and may be reaped with safety; for although the straw may be green to some distance downwards from the ear, yet if it be quite yellow from the bottom upwards, the grain then wants no further nourishment from the earth, and, if properly harvested, will not then shrink. These tokens will be found to indicate sufficiently the ripeness of wheat, barley and oats; but that of rye arises from the straw losing some of its golden hue, and becoming pale...' Br. Hus.

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

In our days the high-born and the wealthy have small inducement to violate the salutary restrictions of the law. However the moral code may be infringed, the criminal one is respected. In breaches of privilege and honor, aristocratic delinquency is chiefly comprised, and loss of character & caste the severest penalty incurred by the offenders.

There are, however, within our own recollection, some melancholy exceptions to be found. Men of superior rank have occasionally presented themselves as criminals; and as the well-being of society demands, the impartial hand of justice visited the offence with unmitigated severity

Of the few unhappy cases, one will be remembered with lively regret. For no crime were there more apologetic...for no punishment more general sympathy...and while his sentence was accordant to the letter of the law, the sternest ethic lamented that justice required a victim like Major Alexander Campbell.

This unfortunate gentleman was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served abroad under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt had particularly distinguished himself. He was transferred to the 21st Fusiliers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet majority, it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is, that between these officers no cordiality existed...little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike—frequent and angry altercations took place, and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of his unfortunate victim.

The 21st regiment was quartered in Newry when the half-yearly inspection occurred. As senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade. A hot and teasing argument resulted...unfortunately that evening the mess table had been deserted for the theatre, where the officers had patronised a play, and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend might have easily averted the catastrophe. Heated with wine, & exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartment, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner mess room, closed the door, and, without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged, and in the first fire Boyd fell, mortally wounded. The dying man was removed to his barrack-room, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood. The storm of passion had subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental palsy he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife, and surrounded by his infant family. Throwing himself upon his knees, he supplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit 'that every thing was fair.' The dying man, whose sufferings were intense, to the entreaties of his opponent, replied 'Yes, it was fair—but, Campbell, you are a bad man—you hurried me,' and shortly afterwards expired in his wife's arms.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitation of his friends Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him, and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment; and, contrary to the entreaties of his family, and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risk a trial, and in due time surrendered himself, as the summer assizes were approaching.

From the moment the unfortunate duellist entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanour won the commiseration of all within. The governor, confident in the honor of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint. He occupied the apartments of the keeper...went over the building as he pleased...received his friends...held unrestricted communication with all that sought him...and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

I shall never forget the 13th of August, 1808. I arrived in Armagh the evening of the Major's trial, and when I entered the court-house, the jury had retired to consider the verdict they should pronounce. The trial had been tedious—twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice was rendered gloomier, if possible, from the partial glare of a few candles, placed upon the bench where Judge Mayne was seated. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, & the ominous silence that reigned through the court was unbroken by a single whisper.

I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration, as I timidly looked round the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge—he was a thin bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression, from the shading produced by an accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow-creature hung upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded across his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that would seal his destiny—his noble and commanding figure thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified—and while on every countenance beside a sickening anxiety was visible, not the twinkle of an eyelash, or motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was softly and slowly opened—one by one the jury reluctantly returned to their box—the casuist question was asked by the clerk of the crown, and—Guilty, was faintly answered, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy.

An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury—then, planting his foot, firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height, and prepared to listen to his doom. Slowly Judge Mayne assumed the fatal cap, and, all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell heard his sentence.

While the short address that sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was broken by anothered sobs; but when the sound ceased, and 'Lord have mercy upon your soul,' issued from the ashy lips of that grave old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers who thronged the court ejaculated a wild 'Amen,' while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerful ly the face of their unhappy countryman had affected them.

Nor did the result of his trial disturb the keeper's confidence in the honour of the condemned soldier. On his return to the jail, an assurance that he would not escape was required and given: and to the last, Campbell continued to enjoy all the comfort and liberty the prison could afford.

Meantime, strong exertions were made to save him—petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of Armagh, were forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant. But the Judge declined to recommend the convict, and, consequently, the Irish government refused to interfere. A respite, however, was sent down, to allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the king.

The mental agony of Campbell's attachment wife was for a time severe beyond endurance, but by a wonderful exertion she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London to throw herself at the queen's feet, and implore her commiseration. To cross the Channel before steam had been introduced was frequently tedious and uncertain, and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation, her journey was interrupted; a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet storm stayed at the other side. She stood upon the pier in a state of exquisite wretchedness. The days of that being whom she loved best on earth were numbered, and to reach the seat of mercy was forbidden! The storm was at its height—a mountainous sea broke into the harbour, while a crowd anxiously watched the progress of a fishing boat, which under close-reefed canvas was struggling to beat up to the anchorage.

The success of the little bark was for a time uncertain. The spray flew in sheets over the mast head, and frequently shut the vessel from the view of those on shore. But seamanship prevailed...the pier was weathered—and amid the cheers of their companions, and the caresses of their wives, the hardy crew disembarked.

At that moment the sorrow of the lady attracted the notice of the crowd, and it was whispered that she was wife to the unhappy convict, whose fate even in that remote spot had excited unusual sympathy. An aged fisherman stood near her and Mrs. Campbell inquired 'if the weather was likely to moderate?' The mariner looked at the sky attentively, and shook his head. 'Oh God! he will be lost,' she murmured.

'Could I but cross the angry sea, he might yet be saved!' Her words were overheard by the crew of the fishing boat, who were securing its moorings. A momentary consultation took place, and with one consent they offered to carry her across, or perish. 'It is madness,' said the old man,

'no boat can live in yonder broken sea.' But the courage of the hardy fishermen was unshaken. The lady was placed on board; the skirt of the main-sail set, and after a passage as remarkable for its shortness as its danger, they reached the Scottish shores in safety. To the honour of these noble fellows be it recorded, that they refused to accept one shilling from the mourner, and followed her carriage with their eyes, invoking blessings on her journey.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased, by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife of Captain _____, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness, which are so peculiar to the province of woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison, but Campbell recoiled from a proposition that would compromise his honour with the keeper. 'What!' he exclaimed, when assured otherwise his case was hopeless, 'shall I break faith with him who trusted in it? I know my fate, and I am prepared to meet it manfully, but never shall I deceive the person who confided in my honour.'

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs. _____ arched him earnestly to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual, he accompanied her to the gate, and on entering the keeper's room, they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip... 'Poor fellow,' he said in a whisper to his fair companion, 'would it not be a pity to disturb him?' Then taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket. 'Campbell,' said the lady, 'this is the crisis of your destiny—this is the moment of escape—horses are in readiness, and—'. The convict put his hand upon her mouth....'Hush!' he replied, as he gently forced her out, 'would you have me to violate my promise?' Bidding her good night, he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber, without awaking the sleeping jailor.

The last scene of his life was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution, the chaplain slept in his room. The gentleman's exertions to obtain a remission of punishment had been incessant, and now that hope was at an end, he laboured to prepare the soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last, his courage was unshaken; and while his friends were dissolved in grief, he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stairs leading to the scaffold with a firm and measured step; and while the rope was being adjusted, the colour never left his cheek, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation.

One circumstance disturbed his equanimity for a moment. On entering the press-room, the executioner, frightfully disguised, presented himself suddenly. Campbell involuntarily shrank from this loathsome being, but as if annoyed that the wretch should shake his firmness for an instant, he calmly desired him to proceed, & take care that the arrangements for death were such as should make his transit from the world as brief as possible.

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event, that the 42d regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, then garrisoned the town; and the same men he led to a bayonet charge against the invincibles of Napoleon formed the jail guard to witness his execution. The feelings of the Highlanders when drawn out to be present at the ignominious end of their lion-hearted comrade, were indescribable. When the sufferer first appeared at the fatal door, a yell of anguish pealed along the ranks, and every bonnet was respectfully removed. Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gaelic. Instantly every face was up-turned to heaven; every cheek was bathed in tears; every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the judgment-seat:

& when the board, descending with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution, the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.

After being suspended only till life was extinct, the body was placed in a shell, and a hearse in waiting received it, and drove off rapidly. The remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland. There the clan and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tri-

bute of their regard. In immense numbers they escorted the body to the family cemetery, and in the poet's words 'they laid him in his father's grave.'—*Dublin University Magazine.*

STATE OF MANCHESTER.

We regret to say that the very serious difficulties which have been for a length of time pressing upon the mercantile classes of the country have at last begun to produce a serious effect upon the condition of the working population in this town and neighborhood, and that large numbers of weavers and other workmen have been wholly or in great part deprived of employment. This, we believe, has been particularly the case with the hand-loom weavers of shirtings, bafts, and other inferior cotton goods, who reside principally in Manchester. As this is a species of weaving requiring little skill, it is always indifferently paid, & the people engaged in it, who are principally Irish, are never in a condition to bear even a short suspension of employment, without suffering great distress. At

the present time, we believe a considerable number of these men are entirely without work, and many others have only partial employment, whilst the price of provisions, and especially potations, adds greatly to the distress which the want of employment has created. Under these circumstances, it is more to be regretted than wondered at, that some little excitement has prevailed among the sufferers. On Monday afternoon several assemblages of people took place in the neighborhood of New Cross and St. George's Road; and, about three o'clock, a procession, consisting in the first place of perhaps a hundred persons, began to parade the streets in the neighborhood, headed by a man bearing two loaves of bread on the point of a stick. As they proceeded along the streets, parties of ten or a dozen visited the shops of the different provision dealers, demanding bread, which in most instances was given to them. Whether they in any case used force to take it, or whether they threatened violence if their demands were not complied with, are points on which we have heard conflicting statements; but there can be no doubt, that at all events, their numbers produced intimidation, and that many persons gave bread and money from a fear of violence to themselves or their property.

After perambulating the streets in the neighborhood of St. George's Road, the procession took its course down Oldham street and Market street, and through most of the principal streets of the town. At this time the numbers composing it were swelled to about 200, comprising many persons of idle and dissolute character, and some well known thieves, but we are not aware that in this part of their course they committed any act of violence, and on the approach of evening they quietly dispersed.

Yesterday (Tuesday) morning, other assemblages of a similar character took place, and a party of men proceeded up Red Bank into the township of Chatham, where also they levied contributions on the shopkeepers. At one of the assemblages in St. George's Road, either on Monday evening or yesterday morning, a deputation was appointed to wait upon the Boroughreeve with a memorial setting forth the distress which prevailed amongst the weavers; and this deputation (consisting of four Irish weavers) accordingly saw the Boroughreeve yesterday at the Town hall and presented their memorial, which stated that thousands of the hand weavers were suffering grievous privations, arising from causes over which they had no control; that many of them had not tasted food for the last forty-eight hours; that their wives and families were in a state of appalling distress; and they requested the Boroughreeve to call a meeting of the gentlemen of the town, to take their case into consideration. We understand that the deputation were desired by the Boroughreeve to leave their memorial, and to call for an answer in the evening, which they did. The Boroughreeve then stated to them, that he and the constables had made application on the subject of their memorial to the Churchwardens: that they were authorized to say, that any case of distress would receive immediate attention, on individual application being made at the Churchwardens' offices; and it appeared to them that this would be sufficient to meet the evil of which the memorialists complained. The deputation promised to communicate this answer to the weavers, who, we understand, were assembled last night near St. George's Church, for the purpose of hearing it.

We regret to state that, on this as on former occasions of the same kind, there have not been wanting designing men to incite the suffering weavers to acts of violence and outrage; and several very inflammatory speeches have been made at the different meetings. We are quite confident, however, that any parties who may be disposed to commit further breaches of the peace, will find the authorities perfectly prepared to resist them, and to bring the delinquents to that punishment which their offences may call for. Whilst there is every disposition to relieve the distress which the pressure of the times has created, we have no doubt it will be found that there is both the inclination and the power to put down all acts of outrage and disorder.—*Guardian of Wednesday.*

We are happy to say that the indications of riot and disturbance mentioned in the *Guardian of Wednesday* have not been followed by any serious consequences, although there have been a few cases of

demanding provisions by bodies of men in different parts of the town, and more numerous instances of asking for charity in the outskirts under circumstances which savored of intimidation. The police officers, however, have evinced so much promptitude and spirit in the capture of a few of the ring-leaders, that a very timely check has been put to these highly objectionable and illegal proceedings. We are glad to state too, that the boroughreeve and constables have made a large temporary addition to the police force, the greater part of which, is posted at convenient stations in those parts of the town where disturbances are most likely to originate; and arrangements have been made for procuring the speedy assistance of the whole body of police watchmen in case of an apprehension of any formidable breach of the peace. We have little doubt that these precautions will be found amply sufficient to repress all attempts which may be made to disturb the tranquillity of the town, without resorting to the aid of a military force.—*Ayr Observer.*

Since the answers of the boroughreeve and constables to the deputation of hand-loom weavers, which we mentioned on Wednesday, the churchwardens' offices have been besieged by large crowds of applicants for relief; and a very heavy labor has consequently devolved on the churchwardens and sidesmen and their servants. In the first instance, from the necessity of the case, a number of persons were relieved with small sums of money, with little or no investigation of the truth of the accounts which they gave of themselves; and there is reason to believe that much imposition was practised upon the officers, by parties who were either not in circumstances to require relief, or were not resident in Manchester. Since Wednesday, however, the statements of the applicants have been subjected to the usual test of examination, and much imposition has consequently been detected; a large proportion of the applicants not being known at the place where they stated themselves to be residing.—*Guardian of Saturday.*

NEWSPAPER READERS.

How endless is the variety of newspaper readers, and how hard it is to satisfy their wants! Mr. A believes he shall discontinue his paper, because it contains no political news—and B is decidedly of opinion that the same sheet dabbles too freely in the movements of the day. C does not take it because it is all on one side—and D, whose opinions it generally expresses, does not like it because it is not severe enough upon the opposition. E thinks it does not pay due attention to fashionable literature...and F cannot bear the flimsy notions of idle writers. G will not suffer a paper to be upon his table which ventures an opinion against slavery and H never patronises one that lacks moral courage to expose the evils of the day. I declares he does not want a paper filled with the hodge-podge proceedings and doings of the legislature....J considers that paper the best which gives the greatest quantity of such reading. K patronises papers for the light and lively reading which they contain....and L wonders that the press should not publish _____'s sermons and such other solid matter.' M will not even read a paper that does not expose the evils of sectarianism....N is decidedly of the opinion that the pulpit and not the press should meddle with religious dogmas. O likes to read police reports...and P, whose appetite is less morbid, would not have the paper in which these silly reports are printed in his house. Q likes anecdotes....and R won't take a paper that publishes them. S says that murders and dreadful accidents ought not to be published in the papers....and T complains that his miserable paper gave no account of that highway robbery last week. U says the type is too small....and V thinks it is too large. W stops his paper because it contains nothing but advertisements—and all X wants of it is to see what is for sale. Y will not take the paper unless it is left at the door before sunrise....and Z declares he will not pay for it, if left so early that it is stolen from his domicil before he is up; &, last of all, comes with the compliments of some of the ladies, who declare the paper is uninteresting, because it does not every day contain a list of marriages, just as if it were possible for the poor printers to marry people whether the parties will or not.—*New York Era.*

Time to speak.—I have often heard a first rate anecdote told of some student of Chapel-hill University. What his name was I know not but I think his reply worthy of preservation. The college commons were at the time very poor, particularly the article of butter. One day a plate of it was placed upon the table, which, from long keeping had become rancid. One of the students, upon tasting it was so exasperated as to seize the dish and throw it butter and all against the wall. The dish of course was shattered to pieces, but the butter stuck to the side of the room. One of the tutors instantly rose and demanded who was the perpetrator of the mischief. There was no answer. The demand was again repeated, when after a short silence, a sharp voice replied, 'Ask the butter—it is old enough to speak for itself.'—*New York Era.*

A Fact.—A stage passenger took breakfast the other morning at a tavern between this place and Boston, and handed the landlord a five dollar note of the U.S. Bank, which he took, after eyeing the 'rag' very closely, and handed the gentleman back four dollars in bills and a fifty cent piece. The traveller took stage again, and had proceeded ten or twelve miles, when the landlord came up on horse-back, with the U.S. Bank note in his hand....'Taint a good 'un—there's a discount of ten per cent.' 'Well, how much shall I give you?' said the traveller....'Four dollars and a half, replied the inconsiderate landlord, a good Jackson man by the way. Four and a half! Agreed—hand me the bill.' He then handed the landlord the same four dollars and a half he had that morning taken from him, and pocketing his U.S. Bank bill, proceeded on his journey. He thus got his breakfast gratis, without breaking a five dollar note that commands a premium in many places, and is at par every where.—*Claremont Eagle.*

Canine pride and Gumption.—A public carrier who travels between the good city of Glasgow and the pleasant bounds of Galloway, is attended by a good watchdog to protect his property, and makes Maybole a halting place for the night on his way southwards. It chanced on a recent journey that Wallace (the dog) had been temporarily relieved of his 'Lockit, lettered, braw brass collar' by the hostler at Kingswells, and who had forgot to replace it when the carrier resumed his travels. The omission was not observed till after the latter had arrived in Maybole, a distance of nearly thirty miles, and was about to tie up his faithful sentinel for the night, below one of his cars; but the collar was a-wanting. 'You big rogue,' cried the carrier, angrily, 'how durst you come here and leave your collar ahint you?' Not another word was necessary to poor Wallace, who drooped his 'gaucy tail,' which

Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl,' and, looking unutterably sheepish, slunk out of the court-yard, but returned next

sinking every small stone, and left the field in excellent order for the scythe.

Now is this all the benefit derived from rolling. By pressing the soil closely round the grain much more of it will vegetate than with the usual management...and in case of drought, the ground will not dry up so quickly. As to making the ground heavy (as some fear it will) I think it has about the same effect, with respect to that, as the hand of the housewife has in being passed over the surface of the brown loaf, before committing it to the oven.

Much has been said in the Farmer upon raising potatoes—each writer has rather a better method than the others. I am well satisfied with the method I have adopted, which is, to select a piece of grass ground (the smoother the better) and cart on a large dressing of green barn manure, at my leisure. When ready to prepare for planting, I spread the manure evenly as possible, but no more in a day than I can turn under—turn the sod flat and roll well immediately—the harrow length-wise of the furrows with a light harrow, till the interstices between them are filled, next mark off the rows with a small plough or chain, and plant on the surface with a covering of about two inches. I have practiced hilling lightly, but think I shall omit it altogether this year. I stir the ground well with the Cultivator.

Some of the advantages of this mode of culture I conceive to be the following: The ground not being ploughed till late, the grass gets a good start and being covered, together with the unfermented manure, ferments, and forms a hot bed, which brings forward the crop surprisingly, and continues to afford nourishment in abundance, till it comes to maturity. The rolling prevents the furrows from being torn up by the harrow, and the filling of the crevices between the furrows prevents the possibility of any grass or weeds growing from the manure, and you have a clean field, if the soil is free from foul seeds, in fine order for a crop of wheat the next spring. I have pursued the same course with my corn for three years past, with the addition of a light top dressing of manure, and I have never had better success.

Farming begins to look up in this section of the state, and with the bounty on wheat and the present pinching scarcity of provisions, in view, I think, with the blessing of a bountiful Providence, we shall be better supplied for the future....*Maine Farmer.*

Extract from a private letter, dated

Boston, 17th May, 1837.

On Tuesday last the whole city was thrown into consternation and dismay by the arrival of two orders from the head departments in Washington; one requiring that the postage of all Letters should be paid in specie on delivery; the other, that

all custom house bonds should also be paid in specie. Nothing could exceed the indignation of the whole community, at this flagrant act of injustice, tyranny and oppression: it almost produced insurrection. This is the first fresh water mermaid we ever heard of. It only wants the sea-green hair to complete its appearance, but perhaps this efficiency is owing to its youth. We hope the boys of St. Louis and Carondelet are in search for more of these stray water babies, for possibly the full grown creatures may have settlement somewhere in the river.

Time to speak.—I have often heard a first rate anecdote told of some student of Chapel-hill University. What his name was I know not but I think his reply worthy of preservation. The college commons were at the time very poor, particularly the article of butter. One day a plate of it was placed upon the table, which, from long keeping had become rancid. One of the students, upon tasting it was so exasperated as to seize the dish and throw it butter and all against the wall. The dish of course was shattered to pieces, but the butter stuck to the side of the room. One of the tutors instantly rose and demanded who was the perpetrator of the mischief. There was no answer. The demand was again repeated, when after a short silence, a sharp voice replied, 'Ask the butter—it is old enough to speak for itself.'—*New York Era.*

A Fact.—A stage passenger took breakfast the other morning at a tavern between this place and Boston, and handed the landlord a five dollar note of the U.S. Bank, which he took, after eyeing the 'rag' very closely, and handed the gentleman back four dollars in bills and a fifty cent piece. The traveller took stage again, and had proceeded ten or twelve miles, when the landlord came up on horse-back, with the U.S. Bank note in his hand....'Taint a good 'un—there's a discount of ten per cent.' 'Well, how much shall I give you?' said the traveller....'Four dollars and a half, replied the inconsiderate landlord, a good Jackson man by the way. Four and a half! Agreed—hand me the bill.' He then handed the landlord the same four dollars and a half he had that morning taken from him, and pocketing his U.S. Bank bill, proceeded on his journey. He thus got his breakfast gratis, without breaking a five dollar note that commands a premium in many places, and is at par every where.—*Claremont Eagle.*

Use of the Roller—Raising Potatoes.—Mr. HOLMES:—The first knowledge I had of the roller, I obtained from the N. E. Farmer some years since. Being always desirous to try 'new things,' if they promise utility, and especially if they cost but little, I set about constructing one. As I could procure neither stone nor cast iron, and was too poor to do it, had they been within my reach, I took a 'junk' out of a hemlock log, about six feet in length...inserted gudgeons in the centre at each end, in which was hung a sort of frame, with a tongue like a sled.

With this machine, I went over my Wheat ground, breaking every 'lump,' and tantamount to a declaration of civil war.

He recommended a little more patience. His doctrine did not seem to suit the excited minds of the audience, but after several influential gentlemen had spoken in favour of this plan, and its wisdom & policy having been clearly demonstrated, the good sense of the audience prevailed. It was then unanimously resolved that the meeting should be adjourned till the 27th, when the Post Master might be presumed to have received fresh intelligence from Washington, which would determine whether the Executive persisted in their orders. If they do, I tremble for the result. The indignation and exasperation of the people are so great that a civil war must be the consequence.

The pressure in the money market, no doubt, is the result, in a great measure, of over-trading on the part of the merchants, though the primary cause must be laid to the charge of the measures of Government. The merchants increased their importations beyond their resources, blindly rushing into speculations beyond their depth; while the Government by tampering with the currency, destroying the present Banking system, and ordering all payments for land to be made in specie, was and is fast bringing on a fearful crisis.

Your obt. serv't.

A QUONDAM FRIEND.

For the Mississouri Standard.

THE FIRE SIDE.—No. 26

Those who spend the whole sabbath without assembling themselves, when they have the power and opportunity of doing so if they choose, for the public worship of our common Creator and preserver, must necessarily, without any breach of charity, be laboring under some judicial blindness and hardness of heart, which render their state, if possible, less to be envied than that of Pharaoh. They may pretend that they have all-sufficient excuse to satisfy their own conscience, and to balance accounts against the demands of the Most High, but what are they when tried by the Judge of all the earth? If there is a God, that God, reason itself teaches, must be worshipped and served. If we refuse to comply with these just demands, it must be, either that we think there is no God; or that, if there is, he must be satisfied with what we deem right; or that we do not believe in him. If we believe in him, we must have formed some idea of what he is, and of what he requires of his creatures. From faith in a creating, upholding and preserving God, it follows that we recognize an obligation upon us, as a necessary, inseparable Law of our constitution, to obey his will. He who does not recognize this obligation, as a law of the human constitution, impressed upon it by the finger of the supreme Creator of all, is, according to the declaration of Scripture, a 'fool'; and, as it is amply demonstrated and verified, by every appeal which can be made to experience and fact, 'dead in trespasses and sins'—'alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them.'

The holy word of that Almighty Being who made us, teaches us to believe, that all such persons as do actually neglect to worship God, whether in private, or in public; who shun the courts of the Lord's house, on the Sabbath day; thereby banishing themselves from the offers and consolations and ordinances of the Gospel, are, by their chosen deliberate course, banishing themselves from the Kingdom of Heaven;—sealing the instrument of their own condemnation;—and forging the links of their own chains. They are most undoubtedly fastening the gate of heaven, with bolts and bars, against themselves. No man, it is presumed, can neglect, or make up his mind to neglect, the service of God, without first endeavoring to persuade himself, either that there is no God; or that it is totally uncertain, amid so many conflicting systems and opinions, whether his will, if he has ever revealed it, can at all be known. It is very unnecessary to suppose that, where the obligation upon men to serve God is practically set aside, the creed of the infidel is openly or covertly cherished; it being all one, as equally pernicious, and equally sure of leading to a miserable result, whether we refuse to obey and serve God from a settled principle of unbelief, or from a feeling of indifference; that is, from the belief of 'the fool who said in his heart, there is no God,' or from the absorbing love of the world—the deceitfulness of the heart, or the black-malignant inspiration of 'the spirit that now worketh in children of disobedience.'

There is one or two questions which all men should endeavor honestly to determine. Where can the man be found that ever made himself infallibly certain that the Scriptures are not a Revelation from that God who can neither lie nor be deceived? Till that be done, what encouragement can there be in rejecting what they teach and command? What consolation, to a human being who cannot keep himself alive, can there be in rejecting the terms of a Book, claiming its authority from that God who has power to save and to destroy, when no man has ever been able to show that the claims are unfounded? The Book has been, and is, believed, by thousands and millions of the most enlightened men in all branches of science, arts, and learning, as well as by the most disinterested, honest, and benevolent of their species. Who has ever fought against God and prospered?

Many who do not professedly reject the Scriptures, reject all external worship on the ground that they think it an useless round of the same

ceremony, without the attractions of novelty. With this feeling in their hearts, it is evident that they have no more idea of the nature of Divine worship, than a man born blind can have of colors. With them every idea of Divine Worship is excluded from their view. The gratification of 'itching ears' is all. The worship of God is not in their thoughts. Curiosity must have its food. Self is all that must be worshipped. What a sinner needs, and what a redeemed sinner owes, are both forgotten, or rather have never been understood. As long as we are in the world, we have the same sins to repent of and confess...the same grace and pardoning mercy to ask for at the throne of God; the same assistance to beg; the same promises to look to; and the same God to thank and praise for his 'inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ: for the means of grace and the hope of glory,' which among all devout christians, who hold to the Head, Christ, must be done in nearly the same language through life, and cannot be subjected to the restless, changeable whims of men, and at the same time retain either a sense of humility becoming a sinful creature, or that reverence for God which belongs to his name. To act on the principle that Divine Worship must always present something new, calculated for the gratification of curiosity, and to tickle the fancy, is to reduce the most solemn service in which man can engage, to the meretricious exhibitions of the theatre which have no other object in view, but to pander to the gratification of depraved appetites. I will allow that though the subject matter of religion and devotion be, among all true christians, the same in spirit, meaning, intent, and nearly in the same language through the longest life, yet the blessings, and pleasures, and mercies which it imparts are ever new and precious,—ever rising in the scale, 'first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear,' or as the dawning day: first a glimmering, then the dubious twilight by which we perceive objects imperfectly, but after that the full blaze of day. Gold never becomes an unpleasant sight, or less precious, or less desirable the more it is seen. The gay foliage of the extended forest—the flowers of the field, in their interminable variety of colors, tints, shades and hues, never become tiresome, though remaining for some weeks the same, to the lover of nature. If we do not behold an inexhaustible mine in the pleasures of religion, and divine worship, it is because we are spiritually blind and cannot see: dead in sin and cannot feel. 'O how love I thy Law! it is my meditation all the day.' How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!

J. R.

MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, JUNE 13, 1837.

The meeting of the discontented portion of the Canadians, the poor dupes of a raving madman, sometime ago announced for the county of the two Mountains, was held on the 1st instant at St. Scholastique. If we believe themselves, this meeting was a demonstration—a thundering turn out—a colluvies for the reception of streams of venom from a thousand throats. The great man himself was there, and hailed as a Prince, 'Vive Papineau,' and cheered as the O'Connell of Canada. Flags, like popular trees, were displayed in abundance. One of these presented on one side the word 'Counterbrand'; and on the other, a barrel and the word 'Whisky.' The account given of this meeting—the almost interminable cavalcade—carriages—footmen—waving of handkerchiefs, by the fair hands of all the dulcineas in the county—the speech of the *par excellence*, *vive Papineau*, and the resolutions, eight in number, but long-winded, passionate, fierce and seditious, are perhaps the most inflated, turgid and bombastic that language was ever tortured to form into printer's lines. If turpitude was the only vice of the rigmarole of the patriots, we might indulge in a laugh at their mock heroics, but we are bound to add, that as far as their assertions, accusations and flourishes are at all intelligible, the speech of 'Vive Papineau,' and the eight resolutions, are, in every sentence, and in every line, maliciously and knowingly, on the part of the speakers and movers, false, without one redeeming quality amongst them. The whole mass of unIntellectual matter put together, is a mere rush of insane passion. Other meetings are being held in various other parts of the Province. The *howl* is going on. The resolutions are all manufactured before hand by the leaders. As to what the resolutions mean, the good simple habitans are innocent. We have a civil Governor.

Since writing our remarks on the meeting held at St. Scholastique, we have seen that very useful Journal, L' Ami du Peuple, by which we are given to understand that, instead of being a meeting to embrace the whole county, which is composed of two Townships, one seigniory and five parishes, none but the inhabitants of St. Benoit and St. Scholastique, twenty five persons from St. Eustache, and five or six from St. Colombe, were at the meeting.

On the Sunday preceding Girouard, and

Scot, M. P. Ps. harangued the people, to make a living as they can expect anywhere.

In England the winter was extremely severe as well as in Canada. 'I speak within bounds,' says a correspondent of the Dublin Evening Post, from Lancashire, 'when I say that, in Lincolnshire alone, at this moment, not less than 2000 quarters of oats per day are given to sheep. Hay £8 per ton. This I fancy is the state nearly of all England, and the extra consumption of oats must be immense, without at present any prospect of relief. In Lancashire, some farmers have their cattle in so bad a state, that they are obliged to assist them to get on their legs, and a dairy farmer in Cheshire has lost seven out of thirteen of his cows in calving. This must tell for years to come.'

On the day after the meeting, the *Vive Papineau* went in company with nine or ten individuals, carrying their grotesque standards, and their barrel of whisky, to the house of Scot, at St. Eustache. In this company were found three of the newly appointed justasses, one tavern keeper, and one bailiff, and as L'Ami assures us, 'some other insignificant individuals.'

OTTAWA BANK.—We have heard that an institution under this name is in operation in Montreal, and that an office for transacting its business has been opened by gentlemen who style themselves its officers; and that a notice has been issued by them announcing that, notwithstanding the suspension of specie payments by all other Banks, the Ottawa Bank will continue to redeem its paper. So far so good. But a few facts have come to our ears, with regard to this Bank, which we hasten to lay before the public:

A few days ago a letter was received by a mercantile gentleman, of high standing, in Montreal, from a Mr. Rawson, of Lockport, state of New York, inclosing a five dollar Note, of the Ottawa Bank, and requesting information respecting the circumstances of the Ottawa Bank. The gentleman sent the Note to one Amos Sears and another person, who call themselves President and Cashier of the Ottawa Bank. The Note was instantly cashed. It would appear that the ostensible object of this letter from Rawson was to obtain information respecting the pretended Bank, but in reality to obtain a letter from a respectable source, extensively known, that there was an office of the Ottawa Bank in Montreal, at which the five dollar Note he had sent was redeemed at sight. The gentleman, Rawson, had no need, we think, of identifying and paying such Pensioners residing in the Eastern Townships, as may appear before him.

CO MMISARIAT. V3 9-4w
Montreal, 2d June, 1837.

IS hereby given that from and after the 1st day of May next, Wharfage dues, at the rate of ten pence per ton, will be levied on all goods landed or shipped at the Wharf of the British American Land Company at Port Saint Francis.

Office of the British American Land Company,

Sherbrooke, April 24, 1837.

LOST!

A note of hand drawn in favor of the subscriber and signed by James Harrington, for the sum of fifteen Dollars, bearing date sometime in the month of September last, and payable the first day of December next.

N. B. All persons are forbid buying or dis-

counting the said note.

WILLIAM D. SMITH.

Shefford, 4th April, 1837. V3 2-12w

Notice.

This may certify that I have relinquished to my son LEANDER TRUAX, a miner, his time from this date; in consequence of his slothfulness and dissidence. He is authorised to trade and act for himself; and I shall demand none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

ISAAC TRUAX.

Dunham, May 29th, 1837. 3 7tf

A Card.

MRS. BELLAMY, on retiring from the Commercial Hotel, begs to acknowledge her obligation to those who have so liberally patronized this Establishment, while under her charge, and trusts, that under the management of her successor, Mr. JOHN BAKER, it will continue to receive that share of public support which she feels confident his exertions will merit.

Montreal, May 13, 1837.

JOHN BAKER.

Freelighsburg, June 12, 1837. V3 6t

Montreal, May 13, 1837. V3 6t

JOHN BAKER.

Cooksville, Dec. 6, 1836.

WOOLLEN

Factory.

CARDING, CLOTH DRESSING & MANUFACTURING.

THE undersigned tenders his grateful acknowledgments to a generous public for past patronage, and would beg to inform those who have Wool, that his Machinery is in the best possible order and put in operation by experienced workmen, selected for their superiority and skill from the neighboring factories; and he now holds himself in readiness to do all kinds of work in his line, upon short notice and in the best manner. Coloured cloth will be manufactured from clean wool, for two shillings and six pence per yard.

Coarse Gray for two shillings per yard, or at the halves, for fulled Cloth.

Other work for the usual prices.

The works are now in complete operation; and all engagements will be fulfilled punctually, as to time and manner. The works were last year incomplete, and it was found impossible to meet the demands of customers. Those who have not received their Cloth can now have it by calling at the Factory.

OMIE LA GRANGE.

St. Armand, May 16, 1837. 3 5 4w.

NEW STORE

AND

New Firm!

THE subscribers have taken the store at Cooksville, St. Armand, formerly occupied by Geo. Cook, Esq., where they have just received a new assortment of Goods, consisting of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Crockery

and Hardware,

Salt, Glass, Nails, etc. etc.

and almost every article called for in a country Store. The above goods will be sold at very reduced prices. The Public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves.

Ashes and most kinds of Produce received in exchange for Goods at fair prices.

A. & H. ROBERTS.

Cooksville, Dec. 6, 1836.

Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity, that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand, Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

N. B. WANTED, a BOY from 12 to 14 years of age, as an apprentice, for whose good behaviour security will be required.

DANIEL FORD.

Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2 11-1y

Fitz Walter.



THIS beautiful Horse, formerly owned by Col JONES, of Montreal will stand for Mares the present Season, at the following places, viz:—

On Mondays at the stable of Zenas Reynolds, in Freelighsburg; on Tuesdays, at the stable of D. F. Carpenter, Abbott's Corner on Wednesdays, at the stable of Peter Moule, Pigeon Hill; on Thursdays, at Phillipsburg, Missisquoi Bay; on Fridays, at the stable of Capt. Fortin, Henryville; and at the stable of the Hon. Robert Jones, Bedford, on Saturdays.

Was Sired by the celebrated Blood Horse SIR WALTER, & is so well known in the country generally, that any particular description of him is unnecessary. As a sire he has been tested by several gentlemen in this county. His stock is not surpassed by that of any other Horse.

The TERMS are—\$2,00 the Leap \$4,00 the Season; and insurance agreed upon at the time of putting. GRAIN will be received in payment in the month of January next, to be delivered at the Stands of Said Horse.

EPHRAIM CROCKER.

Stanbridge, May, 1837. V3. 7tf

The Canadian



PARAGON!

THIS splendid Dapple Grey Canadian Horse, will stand for the use of Mares the ensuing season, at the following places, viz:—

At Upper Stanbridge Mills, on Mondays;

Dunham Flat, on Tuesdays; Freelighsburg, on Wednesdays; Pigeon Hill, on Thursdays; Mr. E. Crockett's, on Fridays; and on Saturdays at

Missisquoi Bay.

TERMS—\$3,00 the Leap, \$5,00 the Season—

Insurance to be agreed upon.

Payment in Meretiable Grain, on the 1st of January, delivered at my Store.

Farmers, and others disposed to improve the breed of Horses, for the Carriage, Collar or Saddle, are requested to examine the shape and gait of this Horse, before deciding upon any other.

W. W. SMITH.

Missisquoi Bay, May 19th, 1837.

Notice.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has removed his Establishment from the Market Square to a large and commodious White House, on the Main Street, five doors from Brunell's, where, by keeping the best of Liquors, good Board, and Lodging, he hopes he shall meet with a continuance of past custom.

JAMES DARROW.

Yamasco, May 19, 1837. V3-9tf

April 21st, 1837. V32tf

For Sale,

IN Frost Village, County of Shefford, an ex-

cellent Two Story

House,

with a STORE and out Buildings adjoining, all in good order, with a Garden and sufficient Pasturage for two Cows. There is also a Pearl Ashery attached, with a constant supply of water from a never failing brook passing through the grounds. The premises are known as formerly occupied by the late Samuel Willard, and are well worthy the attention of any person desirous of entering into business, or a country residence.

Possession given immediately, and terms of payment easy. Apply to

P. C. GILMOUR & CO.

Granby village, 3d April, 1837.—ltf.

Bedford, 6th March, 1837. V2-48

W. W. SMITH.

April 21st, 1837. V32tf

St. Johns & Troy

STAGE.

A New Line of Stages has commenced running from St. Johns, L. C. to Troy Vt. along the valleys of the Pike and Missisquoi Rivers. At Troy it joins the Boston Line which passes through Barton, Haverhill, Concord, and Lowell; at Barton intersecting the Montpelier, Danville and Stanstead Lines; the former passing through Hardwick.

This Line will leave St. Johns on Sunday,

Wednesday and Friday mornings after breakfast,

passing through the Grand Line, Stanbridge,

Freelighsburg, Richford, Sutton and Potton, and

arrive at Troy the same evening; and will leave

Troy Monday, Thursday, & Saturday mornings

at 4 o'clock & arrive at St. Johns, in summer,

in time to take the afternoon Rail Road Cars to

Montreal, & in winter, passengers will take the

St. Johns and Montreal Stage.

The Proprietors, in addition to good Teams, &

careful drivers, recommend this route to the public, as being the shortest, levellest, easiest, & most expeditious one from Boston to Montreal, passing thro' that section of country, which will be taken for the Rail Road, contemplated to connect the two Cities.

FARE—3 Dollars, each way.

J. CLARK, J. BALCH,

<

THE BRAZILIAN BRIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

(Concluded.)

At day-break the following morning, Alonzo, wrapped in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood on the deck, watching with gloomy composure the Lisbon packet getting under weigh; she soon began to move,—a few minutes more and she was dashing through the water close beside him. Desperate thoughts for an instant darkened his mind; a feeling of revenge and despair, beset him, and he felt a strong temptation to plunge into the wake of the flying vessel,—when one of the latticed windows of the after-cabin was suddenly thrown open: he saw a waving handkerchief and then the form of Viola herself, her eyes streaming with tears, kissing both her hands, and waving them to him. He had just time to return the salutation; his dark purpose vanished, the weakness of his mother came over him and he wept. ‘She loves me!...that thought alone, single and abstracted, brought back the blood in a rush of transport to his heart. ‘She loves me!...and nobly sets me the example of a virtuous submission to our fate’!

A friendly hand at this moment was laid on his; Mr. Mordaunt drew him to his cabin. ‘Alonzo,’ he said, ‘I have been sadly to blame,—I ought to have foreseen and guarded against all this. Donna Viola, whom I saw last evening, bade me give you this note,’ putting one into his hand.

Alonzo tore it open. ‘Alonzo, I conjure you, for the sake of your father—for my sake—struggle against your fatal and hopeless passion! We shall very soon meet again,...let us meet in peace, in innocence and friendship! Heaven bless you, and heaven forgive us both, for we have been much to blame!’ Viola.

Viola was very inexperienced, and Mr. Mordaunt knew very little about love, otherwise Alonzo had never received this note, which only added fuel to the flame; he kept it next his heart, and read it every day during the passage. He questioned Mr. Mordaunt closely concerning his interview with Viola the preceding evening, and especially inquired whether he could give him any information concerning her husband. ‘I am told,’ he said, ‘that he is a man of high rank, very rich, old and infirm. He has married the orphan daughter of his friend, merely as a safeguard to her and her property in these dangerous times.’ At this intelligence, Alonzo’s heart bounded with secret joy; he became comparatively tranquil, but he would not analyse his feelings....he dared not.

A few weeks brought them to Rio. On entering its superb harbour Mr. Mordaunt was struck with admiration at the magnificent and beautiful scenery that surrounded him, but to the heart of Alonzo it spoke yet more feelingly, entwined as it was with all his dear and early associations. He could have kissed the black and barren rock of the Sugar-Loaf; it was passed, and threw open the graceful sweep of the Bay of Botafogo, surrounded with its wooded and lofty mountains, this too was passed, and the harbour of Rio appeared. Great political changes had taken place, and the imperial flag waved upon every fort and hill. The visiting boat approached, and by the side of the officer sat Alonzo’s watchful and expecting father, who in a few minutes was locked in the arms of his son. On their landing, friends crowded round them. In the afternoon they visited the good kind Abbess; and the evening was employed in renewing Alonzo’s recollections of his young female friends, most of whom had now become wives and mothers; and those whom he had known as children had started up into young women, a process remarkably rapid in that country. He was pleased to observe the vast improvement, that, during the short period of his absence, had taken place at Rio, as far as concerned the comforts and refinement of domestic life. On the following morning he was presented at court,—in short, for two or three days he had not leisure even to look melancholy.

But one morning after breakfast, a time universally agreed upon for making disagreeable communications) his father informed him that in about a month, Donna Isabella might be expected with her father and aunt. ‘I have taken a temporary residence for you, which I think you will like at Botafogo....(I say temporary, for you will soon be offered what you most desire, a diplomatic mission to Europe,) and the furnishing and arranging this residence has been my hobby for the last six months. If you and Mr. Mordaunt have no objection we will ride to see it this afternoon.’ ‘If you please, sir,’ was the only reply, and, accordingly, at the appointed time they set out. The house and situation were both delightful; the furniture tasteful and costly. The apartment peculiarly appropriated to Donna Isabella, and called her garden-room, opened into a delicious parterre, it contained tables for needle work and drawing, book cases filled with a choice collection in English, French, and Italian; there were also a piano, harp, and guitar.

‘Is Donna Isabella such proficient in music?’ asked Alonzo with a sarcastic smile. ‘She is, I believe, very fond of it,’ quietly replied the Marquis. Alonzo, with much warmth and sincerity, thanked his father for the kind pains he had taken, then sighed, and thought how happy he could be here with...certainly not with Donna Isabella.

After the first novelty of his arrival had worn off, Alonzo relapsed into sadness; a settled gloom was gathered on his youthful brow, a sickening indifference to all around was gradually stealing over him. His father and Mr. Mordaunt did all they could to arouse and distract his attention. Excursions into the country were frequently made, especially to the botanical garden about six miles from the city. It is arranged with exquisite order and good taste, encircled by bold and rugged mountain scenery, opening towards the ocean, reposing in all its richness of floral beauty, with its sandy and stately trees, its leafy bowers and gushing streams, like a gem in the wilderness,...like the decked and lovely bride of a dark-browed warrior in those stern days of ‘auld lang syne,’ of which one loves to dream in spots like these. Water-parties to the many beautiful islands,—society and study,...were all tried, and in vain: every day, every hour seemed to increase the despondency of Alonzo, but he never complained, never even touched in any way upon the subject that caused it. Upwards of three weeks passed in this manner.

Alonzo was fond of the society of the Abbess; with the unerring tact of her sex, she managed his present mood. She would sit opposite to him employed at her old-fashioned embroidery frame, for an hour without speaking; this was just what he liked. One afternoon he had ensconced himself in his accustomed seat in her little graced parlour; he scarcely observed her entrance, but instead of seating herself at her frame, she stepped toward him.

‘Alonzo, I am glad you have come for I was just going to send for you.’

‘Send for me?’ repeated he listlessly.

‘Yes, a friend of yours has arrived at the convent, and wishes to see you.’

‘A friend of mine?’

‘You recollect, I suppose, Donna Viola de Montzuma?’

He started from his seat—the shock was electric.

‘Viola, did you say!...Donna Viola!...recollect her!...what of her?...what of her?’

‘She has become a widow.’

‘Go on!’

She arrived at Lisbon just in time to receive the last breath of her expiring husband. After the funeral, she consigned her affairs there into proper hands, and delayed not a moment in returning to this country, where they demand her instant attention. She arrived yesterday and remains here for a short time. She wishes to see you.’

‘I am ready,’ said Alonzo.

The Abbess left the room. ‘This is too...too much!’ he exclaimed aloud, as he paced the little parlour with hurried steps. A slight rustling near the gate arrested him; it was Viola in deep mourning, looking more lovely and interesting than ever. She presented him her hand through the grate—he knelt, and prest it to his lips, to his heart, to his burning forehead.

‘Alonzo,’ she said in the kindest and most soothed tone, ‘I have heard from the Abbess of your marriage, and fear that I have innocently contributed to render that, which might have proved the highest blessing, a source of bitter misery. What can I do but to entreat you to arm yourself with the resolution of acting right? I confess that your forcing me to lose my esteem for you, would be the greatest pain you could inflict, even although your affection for me were the cause.—Promise me, Alonzo...’

He hastily interrupted her; ‘I will promise nothing—nothing!...Heaven grant that I may do what is right, but, in the present state of my mind, I will pass my word for nothing.’

Viola sighed. ‘Well,’ she resumed, ‘I shall see whether Alonzo be what I really believed him or not: I shall see whether he be capable of sacrificing the happiness of his young and innocent wife, and of his doting father—his own honor and principles, to the shadow of a shade, for such is all hope of me. Heaven bless you Alonzo! and support you through this trial! You have my prayers, my best, my warmest wishes: deserve to be happy, and leave the rest to Providence.’

She disappeared; he still remained kneeling at the grate, apparently wrapt in thought; at length a ray of light seemed to break through the darkness that surrounded him, a single spark of hope saved him from utter despair. He decided that in his first interview with Donna Isabella, he would reveal every secret of his heart; he would conjure her as she valued their mutual happiness, to assist him in breaking the tie that had been made between them; he would recall to her recollection the fatal hour of their union, when reluctant on his side, and the necessity of absolute force on hers, formed but an evil omen of future concord. Since that moment they had never met, had never corresponded; he had formed elsewhere a deep and serious attachment, and so perhaps had she.

As to the debt he had incurred towards her and her family, with a little time and indulgence it would be cleared, as the property in Portugal was on the eve of being restored to his father. Thus, if they acted with determination, and in unison,

there could be no doubt of their succeeding in breaking the galling fetters in which the mistaken zeal of their relatives had bound them. ‘If,’ he exclaimed, ‘she be not utterly devoid of the common pride and delicacy of her sex, there is but one step to take...she will...she must take it, and I shall become free and happy.’

Full of this thought, he left the convent,

and, on his return home, sought Mr. Mordaunt, and laid his project before him. Mr. Mordaunt listened with the utmost kindness and sympathy; he saw but one objection to the attempt; if Donna Isabella, in spite of all he could urge, should refuse to enter into his views, how much wider would it make the breach between them! how much would it diminish their chance of happiness! But to this side of the picture Alonzo absolutely refused to turn; and Mr. Mordaunt, seeing him perfectly resolved, gave up the point, glad, at all events that Alonzo had even this slight support to lean upon until the crisis arrived.

At the top of the Marquis’s small and rather inconvenient abode, was a room which, on account of its height and airiness, and the view of the harbour it commanded, the gentlemen preferred to breakfast, and to spend the morning in; a spy-glass was fixed here, to which of late the eye of the Marquis had been often and anxiously applied. One morning, about a week after the scene just described, the Marquis seemed more than usually on the alert, watching the approach of a fine Brazilian merchant ship. ‘Is she near the fort?—here she comes!...she is abreast of it!...now for it?’ and as he spoke, up flew a private signal. The Marquis clasped his hands, and exclaimed in a half whisper to Mr. Mordaunt, ‘Thank heaven, there they are at last!’ and the two gentlemen instantly left the room.

‘Well,’ thought Alonzo, ‘I am not bound to know that there they are at last, until I am informed of it; and he tried again to rivet his attention to his study. Three intolerably long hours passed away; a note was then brought to him from the Marquis; ‘Donna Isabella, her aunt, and father, have arrived, and are now at Bota fogo. The two ladies are somewhat fatigued, and prefer not receiving you until the evening, therefore between seven and eight Mr. Mordaunt and the carriage will be at your door.’

Alonzo sent away his untouched dinner, he dressed in *grande toilette*; and, taking down Walter Scott’s last new novel, strove to fix his attention on its delightful pages.

—Alonzo had generally the power of exercising great mastery over his mind; to an indifferent observer he would appear rather cold, reserved, and not easily acted upon in any way; but when his feelings once burst their barrier, it was with a violence proportioned to the restraint he had thrown over them.

At half past seven, the carriage drew up to the door, and Alonzo immediately descended to it. ‘I am glad to see you are quite ready,’ said Mr. Mordaunt, as he entered; the door closed; and they drove off.

‘You have seen Donna Isabella?’ inquired Alonzo.

‘Yes, I have,’ was the laconic reply, with evidently a wish of saying no more. After a considerable pause, Mr. Mordaunt asked whether he still kept to his purpose.

‘Certainly,’ said Alonzo firmly—and no further conversation passed.

Half an hour brought them to their destination; with a throbbing heart, Alonzo descended from the carriage.—They were shown into the grand *Sala* brilliantly lighted. Here were assembled Senhor Josef and Senhora Theresa, the Marquis, and the Abbess with an attendant nun; the old lady had not left her convent for many years, but on this occasion she was determined to be present.

Alonzo saluted Senhor Josef and his sister, with gravity, but perfect and sincere kindness; he kissed the hand of his aunt, then, turning to his father, begged to know where he might find Donna Isabella.

‘She waits for you in her garden room,’ replied the Marquis. Alonzo bowed and left the sala.

He struggled successfully to continue the same appearance of composure, as he passed along the corridor which led to the garden-room: the door was ajar; he entered and closed it.

The room was only lighted by a single Grecian lamp, suspended from the centre; the latticed doors leading to the garden were thrown open, and the moon beams quivered brightly on the rich festoons of flowers and foliage that twined around them. Leaning on the harp near the furthest door stood a lady magnificently dressed, as a bride; one hand hung listlessly at her side, in the other were gathered the folds of her veil, in which her face was buried. Alonzo advanced, and although somewhat prepared for a favorable alteration, he was struck with astonishment at the exquisitely fine and graceful form that stood before him.

‘Donna Isabella, I believe.’—No reply, and no change of position. He approached a little nearer, and ventured to take the unoccupied hand, whose slight and delicate fingers were covered with gems, and that on the arm was only a single bracelet, and that was of pink topaz. ‘Donna Isabella, I venture to claim a few minutes private conversation with you, on a subject that deeply concerns the happiness of us both: permit me to lead you to seat.’ He paused—the emotion that visibly pervaded her whole frame convinced him that at least he was not addressing a statue. Suddenly she raised her head, clasped her hands, and sunk on her knees at his feet. Alonzo recollects, as though a supernatural appearance had presented itself, while with a tone that thrilled through heart and brain, she exclaimed—

‘Alonzo, can you forgive me?—It was I.

‘Can you forgive me for all the deception I have practised, and caused others to practise? May the prize I strove for...my husband’s heart— plead my excuse?—I know it will.’

While she spoke, Alonzo in some degree recovered himself, he raised up the beautiful suppliant and folded her in silence to his breast, kissed her with pure, intense, and devoted affection. He could not speak: he thought not and cared not how it had been brought about; he only knew and felt that his wife was in his arms, and that that wife was *Viola*.

The party in the drawing room, to whom the duenna was now added, were in an agony of impatient expectation. The Marquis at length led

the way, and they all crept softly along the passage. ‘May we come in?’

‘Come in,’ said Alonzo—the first words he had spoken since the denouement.

Their entrance dispersed, in a great measure, the concentrated feelings of Alonzo, & he became attentive to learn the mechanism by which his present happiness had been effected. It appeared that the prepossession Isabella had conceived for her husband at the altar had produced a striking change on her, as love did on Cymon. Her health, the absence of the usual means of education at St. Paul’s, the ignorance and weak indulgence of those with whom she resided, had allowed weeds to spring up and choke the rich treasures of her mind. However, she accompanied the Marquis from St. Paul’s and was placed by him under the charge of the Abbess, where, in three years her improvement in health, beauty and mental attainments astonished all those who observed it. The two years she passed in England, under the most judicious care, had brought her to that point of perfection to which she had now arrived.

Alonzo had not the slightest recollection of any of her features except her eyes which on the day of their union had that large size and troubled expression which usually attends ill health. He could now account for the startling recollection that had passed over him one evening at the chessboard: the look she then gave and that with which she had impressed him on her leaving the oratory, were the grave.

‘And you, my grave and worthy tutor,’ said Alonzo, addressing Mr. Mordaunt, ‘did you join in this powerful league against me?’

‘I confess,’ replied Mr. Mordaunt, ‘that I was in the service of the enemy; so much so, that on the evening you first met Donna Viola, and were introduced to her at the opera, I knew beforehand that such a meeting and such an introduction would take place. I take this opportunity, however, of hinting, that you may thank your own impetuosity that the discovery was not prematurely advanced on board of the Lisbon Packet; for Donna Viola, terrified at your vehemence, would have revealed the whole truth, could she but have prevailed upon you to stay and hear it.’

‘Alas! for my vehemence,’ exclaimed Alonzo, and trying to collect his puzzled thoughts, he turned to the Abbess: ‘And you too, my dear aunt—you too, my Lady Abbess! it is well you have the power of absolving yourself for all those little fibs you told me the other day.’

‘May Our Lady grant me absolution,’ replied the good Abbess devoutly, ‘for whatever stain of sin I may have contracted by playing a part in this masque?’

‘Supper! supper!’ cried out the Marquis, as he marshalled them the way. Alonzo seized his Viola (for thus he ever after named her, as if he dreaded that some magical delusion would again snatch her from his sight)—and never did a set of happier creatures meet than those which now encircled the sumptuous banquet, prepared in honor of this Brazilian Wedding.

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